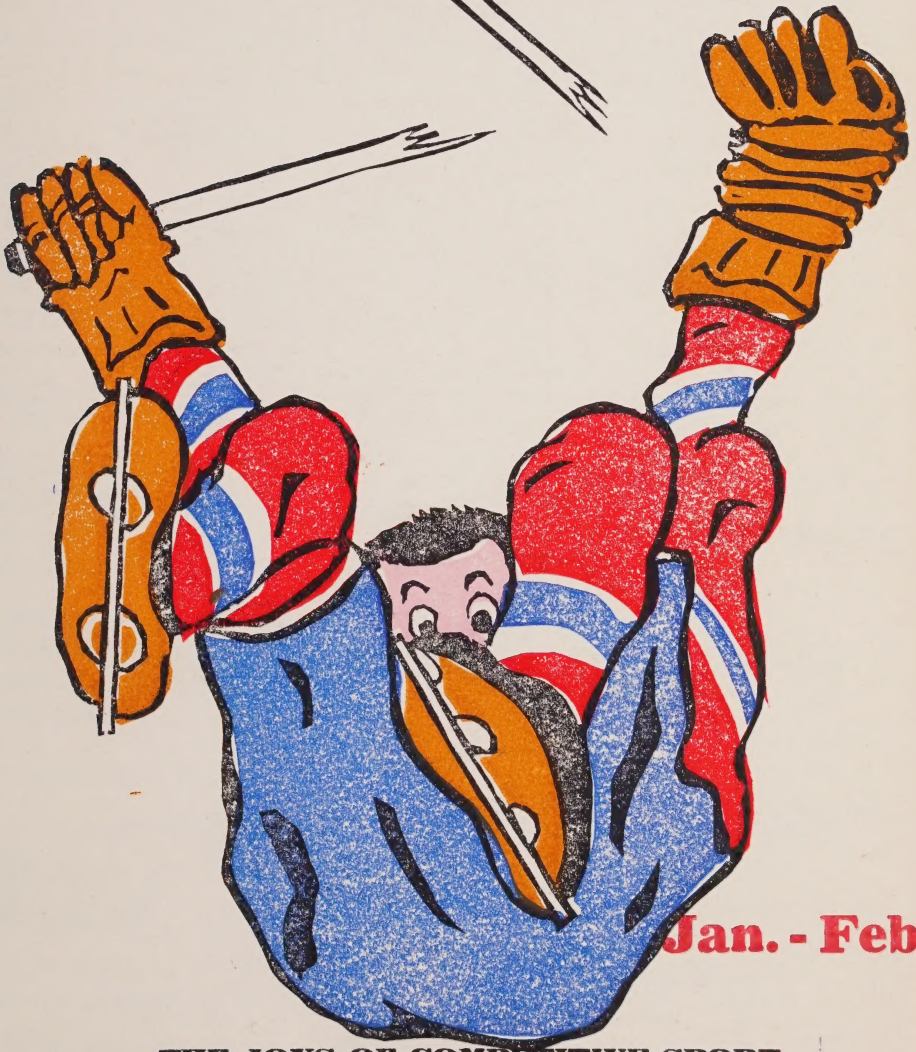


V. 13, No. 3.

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MOUNTAIN

ECHOES



Jan. - Feb.

THE JOYS OF COMPETITIVE SPORT



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MOUNTAIN **ECHOES**

The MOUNTAIN ECHOES is published by the inmates of the Manitoba Penitentiary, with the kind permission of the Commissioner of Penitentiaries, A.J. MacLeod. It is designed to promote a better understanding between inmate and public.

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Preview :

Our Feature article in this issue is one written by the Warden of the Wisconsin State Prison. Were these words written by an inmate, it would very likely sound as if he were asking for pity, but, we feel that his article will convince at least someone that prisons are not as easy as some people take them to be. A man can be taken and put in a \$100 00 a day suite in the finest hotel in North America, supplied with liquor, dope, women, and anything else his heart desires, but if you tell him that he must *stay* in that suite for 7 years, he won't like it. Warden John C. Burke shows great human instinct in his article. We do not know him, but he gives the impression of being a fine, fair-minded man.

A new writer has appeared on our horizon, in the person of Bob Talbot, who has written some real funny pieces, both fact and fiction, on page 8 and page 18. Don't miss him.

Sam is still with us, nasty and salty as ever, still complaining about what is wrong with everyone, and still refusing to take into consideration the fact that he should have been going home in 3 weeks instead of 11 months as reason for his bitter behaviour.

Joe Hayden has returned again to our Sports Department, and is a welcome prodigal indeed. His look at hockey is on page 24.

Little Ronnie, if he listens to his father much more, is going to turn into

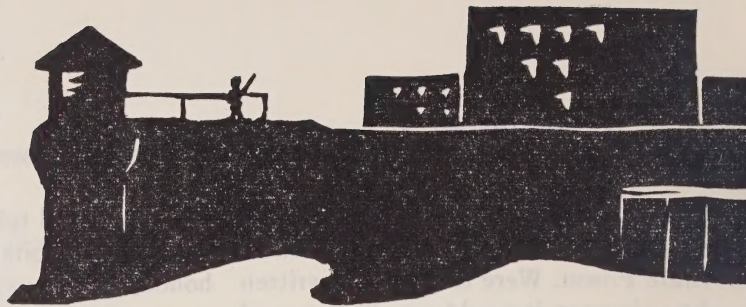
some kid, we'll tell you. If he lives that long. His exploits over the New Year holiday are on page 20.

On page 9 and 10 we describe two concerts given recently, one of which was a fine concert from 'outside', kindly put on for the boys by the local CBC Radio and Television outlets. The other our own 'inside' concert, and describes the antics of local talent in the institution, which, to everyone's surprise, turned out in abundance. We hope we will have many more to describe.

Dunc was asked why his cover showed a Montreal Canadian hockey player, rather than some other, and he declared, "Because it gives me a deep/down thrill to see one of those guys heading for a broken leg. They should quit picking on my boy." His boy of course, is Frank Mahovlich of the Toronto Maple Leafs, and Dunc gets positively sickening when he begins raving about these guys.

You will note that our little magazine is even smaller this time. We find that in order to come up to our commitments of at least 6 copies a year, it will be necessary to print a somewhat smaller magazine. And besides, we are just about the laziest group of people you ever saw in your life.

Hope you enjoy your reading. (Why not write and tell us? We won't print the praise, but we promise to print the beefs.)



SO YOU KNOW

WARDEN JOHN C. BURKE

So you know about prisons, John, you and your good wife, Mary? You have read about them in the papers, in magazines and books, and have heard about them over the radio.... Then too, John, I believe you and Mary saw the "lugs" in the "big house" when you went through the prison the time your club held its annual meeting at Fond du Lac and you all went over to the prison to see the "animals". Yes, I knew you had! You saw the ball diamond, the busy shops, the men talking in the dining room, everything just as you knew it was going to be.

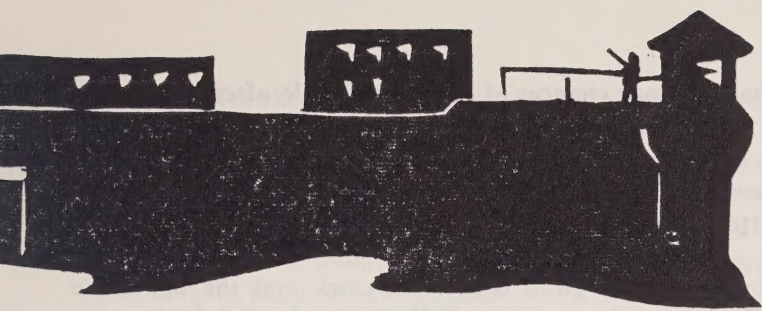
But there is another prison, John, that I would like you to see and know. No, not an ordinary prison, nor a prison in another state. This is the same prison you went through. seen from a slightly different angle than when you went through before.

No, Mary, you can't come along. But don't worry, you will have a chance to learn a lot more about prisons than you now know.

Let us, you and I, John, take a walk down into one of the cell halls. Here we are, John. See how nicely the cells are arranged, twenty-five of them in a row and four rows stacked one on the other.

Notice how the fronts of the cells are barred. One half of the cell front is covered by a sliding, barred door. Take a good look at that door, John, because doors like that play a big part in the prison I am going to show you. Just step inside. That's it. Now I will pull the door shut and lock it, and then lock another lock, and then another. Yes sir, John, you are securely locked up! Just sit down and look around.

Notice your cell, John. Take a good look at it, because it is going to be your home for the next ten years. Sure! You have just gotten a ten year "jolt", John; so settle down and be a good prisoner.



ABOUT PRISONS

WISCONSIN STATE PRISON

Mary?

Oh, now don't you worry about her. She will be all right, and she will be waiting for you when you get out . . . I hope. And she will come up to see you once every month . . . if she **can** come up.

Notice, John, that your cell isn't a bit like it seemed that day you visited the prison. It's somewhat smaller than you thought. Yes, they do seem smaller from the inside, don't they? Probably an optical illusion. Notice, when you lie on your bed you can touch both of the side walls without any stretching. That makes it handy when you want to swat flies and mosquitoes. Yes, that cell is 60 inches wide and 90 inches long. But you will get used to it in time . . . maybe. One thing is sure, the cell's narrowness will not bother you **much . . . or it will crush you.**

Notice that you can see out through the cell hall windows. True, you can't see much; just the front of the dining room and a patch of sky. — a tiny triangular patch of sky. But don't scorn that little patch of sky, John. Before you finish up your ten years in here, that little bit of sky will mean a lot to you.

But let us get started on your ten-year journey, John. It isn't so bad. You may get a parole in two or three years, if you keep your record clear. **Sure, the Judge said so, didn't he?** In any event, with good time granted you will get out on a discharge in about six years and three months. That's not long . . . or is it? See that man out there on the cot in front of your cell? He's been here seventeen years and society says that the pound of weary flesh it has taken from him is not big enough. No, he is a trusty now, has been for six years or so. He works outside a great deal of the time and is one of the best carpenters in the prison.

You ask what are your chances of getting a parole after two years? Frankly, they are rather slim. About half of the men never get a parole at all. Those who do, often serve at least half of their time and many all but a few months before they are granted parole. Who can tell; you might be lucky, though. Better figure on doing five years, John, and you won't be disappointed.

Now it is time for you to go to bed; ten o'clock and the lights are being turned off. You're not sleepy you say? Well, that is all right, because you don't have to go to sleep. You merely have to go to bed and keep quiet. No, you can't have a light to read by; but you can lie flat on your back and wonder what Mary is doing and so on and so on. That may be a comforting thing to think about . . . **and it may not.** However, just to cheer you up, the odds are at least fifty-fifty that you will not have your Mary at the end of your "jolt". **Sure' I know Mary is different.** Every Mary is different; but six years and three months is a whale of a long time for a woman to wait alone. Isn't it, Mary? Yes, it is at that.

No, John, don't jump out of your skin. That is just the morning gong and that means it is time for you to get up. Sure you slept. You feel like you'd been up all night? Yes, you will feel that way lots of nights. But come on, get up. It's ten minutes to six and in just forty-five minutes you have to have your bed made, get washed, have your cell swept out, and be ready to leave when the gong rings for breakfast line. Why do we get up so early? Why not; you can't sleep anyway. And then, one must get up early to harvest the wild oats one planted. Yes, that's an old stir joke.

There goes the gong; and now follow and you will learn something. You will learn one of the first lessons about doing time. You will learn about the endless marching to nowhere; the ceaseless marching to the dining room, to work, to the cell hall—always over the same route. You will march many a weary mile, John, before you march out the front gate.

We don't worry about what you work at; we will be glad if there is work for you to do. Industry and labor take a rather dim view on work for prisoners.

But here you are, John, back in your cell. You have served your first day at work.

Stand up to the door until you are counted. Yes, it does make you feel sort of funny, the way you are counted and recounted. That is doing time, John.

And now, John, you get a break. Mary is coming up to see you! You will have the the pleasure of seeing her across a wide table, that is at least four feet wide; then there is a nice, heavy, half-inch screen for you and her to peer through. No, John, you can't kiss nor touch her. You **might** tell her all that is in your heart . . . but you **won't**. You won't because there are other men having visits and they are sitting right alongside you, and you

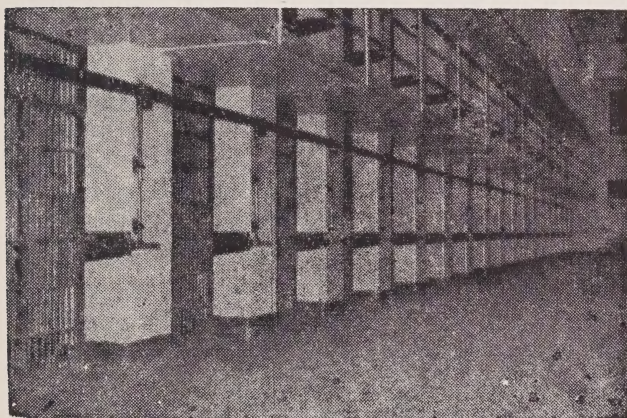
wouldn't want them to hear all the things you would like to say. But you **do** get to see her.

You get to see her brave little smile and you get to hear all the pitiful little things she has saved up to tell you. . . . and they will cheer you to end. . . . or will they? Anyway, you got to see her; and that will give you something to think about tonight. Yes, indeed, John; her visit will give you something to think about tonight.

But this is a modern prison, John. You know you have read how the prisoners are being pampered these days.

Sure! In your cell there is a toilet just back of the head of your bed, your bed which hangs from the wall. No old-fashioned cell bucket here. And there is the wash bowl with two kinds of water—running and cold. That's another of the old stir jokes.

And then there is the radio, John. That is fine. Might as well put the earphones on and get a load of what is coming in. A little bit early yet. There is a kid program just signing off. Funny how that kid's voice brings a lump in your throat, isn't it? Sounds just like your little Johnny's voice. Well, lumps in your throat. . . . that's all part of the game.



Yes, it is kind of tough, but you'll get hardened up as time goes on. If you don't get so that the sound of children's voices leaves you sort of cold or if you don't get so that Mary's visits don't upset you (if she is still visiting you); you're going to have a tough time of it. In fact, if you don't raise

a good, tough callus over your finer feelings, you might wind up hanging on to the bars and screaming at the wall.

It isn't so bad now that you have been here two years, is it? The world you used to know is beginning to fade, and the world of prison is beginning to seem sort of natural.

Sure, you get used to anything. Notice how easy it is to lie on your bunk and dream the hours away. Sure, a regular country club, John.

Well, John, six years and three months have rolled around and you take the last march in prison. . . . the march out the front gate.

Remember, John, that time you went through here as a visitor. It took only an hour to march in and then march out again. But it took you

six years and three months this time, didn't it? Funny how different the prison you saw on the second march looked from the one you saw as a citizen touring through the place.

As a visitor you saw the ball diamond, the busy shops, the men talking in the dining room, just as you knew it was going to be.

But, when you started to live here it was so different. You saw heart-break . . . your heartbreak. You saw a man working away at meaningless labor for six years and three months. . . you. You saw a man talking in the visiting room saying empty nothings for fear his voice would make a monkey of him . . . your voice. You heard a lovely voice over the radio, a voice on the "Hour of Charm," singing, "Sweet Hour of Prayer" . . . and you didn't feel so good because that was your mother's favorite song before she died last year. **You** mother . . . and **you were here**.

It is nice to think, John, that you have paid your debt to society.

Of course, you haven't seen much of prisons in your short stay. You really must look at prison through a lifetime glass before you can really see it. You don't get the really exquisite flavor, John, in a short dose. At any rate, you've seen enough to know that prisons are **not** "country clubs."

Things I Wish I Hadn't Said

By Bob Talbot

Your sober, take the car. .

Okay wise guy, you start it. .

I'll work a month for nothing, just to prove myself. .

You take the short, fat one. .

John, this is my wife, Marsha. .

Here, hang on to my watch and wallet. .

Answer the door Joe, it looks like the waterman. .

The jockey is a friend of mine. .

Sure I'll come along, I ain't done nuthin. .

Don't you know, three's a crowd. .

Let me see those dice. .

You take the money in your car, and we'll meet at the hide-out. .

Could you direct me to the check cashiers? .

Constable, can you recommend an inexpensive hotel? .

Make mine a double. .

Much more of this guy, and I'll go out of my mind. .

It's like taking candy from a baby. .

You win boss, but don't forget, I won't be here forever. .

C.B.C. CONCERT

Sunday, Jan. 27th the lodgers of Stony Mountain were entertained with a concert arranged by the C.B.C. The M.C. duties were shared jointly by Ernie Mutimer and Norm Primett.

Norm introduced the Wpg. chapter of the "Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barber Shop Quartets Singing in America" led by Mr. Wells. About forty members of the chapter joined to sing "The Old Songs", "Wait Till the Sunshines Nellie" and two others. "Four Barbershop Quartets" called the "Quartet Crumblers, Pine Tones, Key-stone Quarters and the Minors" followed in that order. These fellows really did a fine job.

The forty odd members of the "S.P.E.B.S.Q.S.A.," returned to sing two numbers and conclude the reminiscing of the days of the ten cent haircut. "Bouquets to all of you for some excellent harmony."

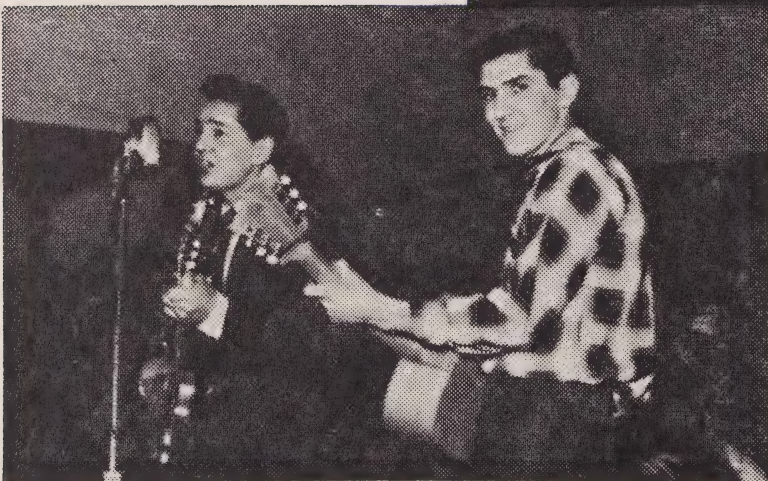
The second half of the show featured, the entire cast of a local T.V. show called "The Red River Jamboree" with music by 'Ted Komar' and the "Selkirk Settlers." Four young "lovelies" danced the (oh, gawsh ma) "Can-Can;" a "swingin number, with some swingin numbers!" A local four-some who swing 'Western or Modern,' gave out with four numbers, and were rewarded with "thunderous applause" which isn't easy to get around here unless you're wearing a uniform, and happen to break a leg. "Teddy Komar" backed by the "Settlers." squeezed out "Orange Blossom Special" to the delight of the audience. Four couples calling them-selves the "Beaus and Belles" danced a lively 'Polka' which had the crowd stamping their feet in time to the music. "Peggie Neville"; a sweet little girl who needs no introduction around here, and is more welcome than most paroles, sang three numbers backed by the 'Altones.' All we can say about "Peggie" is; she's lovely, she's talented, she's hip (**but**) she's married. "The Valley Beaus and Belles" came back to dance another 'Polka.' The female members of this group were; Pat Pierie (married) Christine Fiddler, (ok) Pearl McConnel (ok) and Paulette Cook (ok). The boys were Bill, Adrian, Don and Sam. I'm not completely prejudiced fellows, I missed your last names. (The comments after the girls names should save me answering many questions). "Stu (minus his guns) Phillips" entertained with four songs, plus a few jokes; 'Stu' has a wonderful voice, and his jokes are sumthin else. "Nice piece of work, Stu." "Jimmy Pierie" played a jumpin 'Guitar Boogie' for us, and proved to everyone present he picks a mean guitar. "Pat, Christine, Paulette and Pearl" twisted for us to close the show. The only thing wrong with the way they did the twist was, it reminded a few fellows near me of their age, and I noticed a few damp cheeks. "Oh well;" you guys had your good-old days. "Stu thanked everyone for the splendid afternoon, although it was all, our pleasure. To all of you who came out and gave us a wonderful afternoon our sincere thanks, and come again soon. My humble apologies to any-one I omitted who helped make the concert a success.



Inmate

Variety

Show



'62

Twenty inmates of Stony Mountain put on a show for their fellow inmates and a number of outside guests; including Warden and Mrs. Harris, Mr. and Mrs. Alf Grey and Mr. and Mrs. Irv Granger, the latter two being the Dale Carnegie Institution sponsor and instructor. The master of ceremonies duties were handled professionally by "Duke" Sherritt, who was obtained for the job by our recreational supervisor, Mr. Hancock. Duke earned himself a feather in his cap for a superb effort enjoyed by all. A quartet from the Canadian Legion accompanied Duke and they appeared for five numbers in the first half of the show, then reappeared for an additional five in the second half. The quartet members were Smoky Firlin, Teddy Fraser, Wilf Wowchuck and Bobby Lacombe. One of their numbers, "How High The Moon," was swinging and also their best. When they combined to sing "I Wanna Beer," three hundred tongues hit the floor gathering dust. Many thanks to these guys for some solid entertainment.

Stony's own (satchmo) **B.C.** put this concert together and everyone present agreed it was a first class job. The band, consisting of **B.C.** on trumpet, **Monty Montgomery** on bass, **Ken Marcino** on Ivorys, **Norman Desereault** on skins, **Wally** (swinging-guitar) **Johnson**, and **Ron** (*Sam Says*) **Duncan** on tenor sax opened the show with a jumping number called Intermission Riff.

Next came **Tommy Shand** with two songs entitled, "If I Give My Heart To You" and "I Don't know Why". Tommy warmed the audience with both numbers and was well recieved by all. Next we had a "Skid Row"



hotel scene skit. A *natural* for the drunk bit was **Leo Martin**. His objective of the evening was played by "**Louise LiCastro**", (sorry Lou, but I just couldn't resist), and the part of the balding, punchy, vulgar and sloppy waiter was played by **Pete Roski** who had no difficulty filling the bill. The audience was kept in knit one's and purl two's throughout the entire skit. A special bouquet to Lou for making it to the stage intact with all those grabby paws present

The band came on then with "String of Trumpets" featuring **B.C.** on horn and **Dunc** on sax, giving the audience some real nice sound. A little long haired violin was next with **John York** accompanied by our Protestant choir pianist, **Mrs. Budge**. I didn't realize we had so many long hair lovers in our midst until I heard the ovation for the pair.

"Estrellita" was next featuring **Dunc** on tenor sax and the crowd really went for this one. When this number concluded **B.C.** introduced the members of the band while they played "The Saints". The band took a well deserved break after this one and made way for **Ken Bevin, Cyril Sinclair, Monty, Don McManus & Blackie Peltier**. The Stony Mountaineers opened with **Cyril** on the violin playing a Hoedown. An encore was his reception for his opening number

and we were treated to a second Hoedown. Then **Blackie Peltier** sang "Family Bible", "Gotta Do My Time" and was called back for a third number "Folsom Prison". Well done **Blackie**. **Don McManus** and **Cyril** teamed up to sing "Bye Bye Love", "I Get So Lonely", and were brought back by demand to do "Alone With You". This duet is terrific and the audience loved them. **Cyril Sinclair** making his third instrument switch, closed the Western part with two "Guitar Boogies". A versatile young man who could make it in the entertainment field. I don't normally dig Western but I found myself applauding harder than I do for my own jokes and that's something. A tip of the 6 7/8 to you cowboys.

The next act began with some fancy fire eating and lighting of cigars from the flaming tongues of **Peter** (singed beard) **Roski** and **Leo** (hot lips)



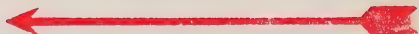
Martin. The terrible two introduced a surprise act when they persuaded **Charlie** (over-fifty) **Parr** to sing. *Charlie sang.* . . He also assisted in the act by his co-managers. **Leo Martin** lay bare chested on a bed of eight inch spikes. **Charlie** placed a fifty lb. rock slab on his chest while the over-anxious **Pete Roski** held a twenty lb. sledge high over his shiny head, ready to smash the slab. With a cue from the drums, **Pete** (an expert with sledge and crowbar) brought down the sledge, splitting the slab in two and in the process, driving sixty spike holes in **Leo's** back. Someone suggested rolling **Leo** over on his stomach and nailing him to the stage for the remainder of the show but he was on his feet before we got to him. **Charlie** was asked to sing another song but refused when he found the band didn't know "*Granada*", his favorite song.

Ken (pearly whites) **Marcino**, backed by **Monty** on bass, **Johnson** on the guitar and **Dunc** on drums, hit the Ivories for a number called "Up Tempo Blues" and followed with "Sweet Georgia Brown". This guy is a bundle of energy on the stool and gets everyone moving. We were treated to a skit in "Stanley Park" with **Pete** (*I don't go that route*) **Roski**, **Willy Williams**, **Don McManus**, **Leo** (*I'm not sure*) **Martin** and **Lou** (*I think so*) **LiCastro**. It was entertaining but I wish the participants would remember the concerts over now and they don't have to act the part all year.

Dunc sang "I'm Confessin'" next, and followed with "Gimme That Wine", a number he wrote himself during one of his *sober* moments. What can you say about this guy? He even sings well. The only difference between him and **Cyril** is **Dunc** is a versatile "*old*" man, regardless of what he says or does. Next we had the pleasure of listening to **Lou LiCastro**, accompanied by (*I hate to say it again*) **Duncan** on piano. This **LiCastro** he'd the audience in his hand singing "I Believe" and "Without a Song". They hollered for more but time was running short (*for some*) so, we'll just have to listen in during your weekly shower **Lou**.

The band went to "I Love You So Much It hurts Me" featuring some (*egg*) on tenor sax and supported by some excellent backing from all members of the band. This is undoubtedly their "**Case Ace**". At last the incomparable "**Vincent Troy**" **Kenneth Ducharme**. **Ken** opened with "When Your Smiling" and twisted like he invented the twist all through this pleasing number. He's got more stage presence than the *Mike*. He slowed down for "Blueberry Hill", (*bad climbing leg*) and he closed with "Birth of the Blues". Mean twister this guy, and a first class sandwich connection.

Next came **B.C.** who played fine horn all evening. The big guy deserves a lot of credit for putting this concert together and more important, holding it together. You win the job for next year **B.C.** The band closed with "Intermission Riff" and the audience started slowly for the exits obviously happy about their decision to forego the "**Ed Sullivan Shew**" for this one. "**Ed**", is no longer considered competition around here for any future show this gang puts on. Bouquets to all who helped, and to all of you in the audience who made it worthwhile. . .



Sam Says :



Most columns at this time of year devote some space to the happenings of last year.

What happened to me last year?
Nothin', friend. Just plain nothin'.

+

Little Sam is overjoyed that my hair is turning gray at a remarkable rate. But Little Sam is older than I am. So there.

★

I DIG:

. . . Andy Williams. I left him out in my last column and have been desolate ever since. A truly remarkable talent.

. . . Y.A. Tittle. The best losing quarterback in the world. I hope he goes one more season and grabs all the marbles just once before he quits.

. . . Frank Mahovlich. And they say he's lazy. That's fine for us to say, but how about asking an NHL defenceman if he's lazy? I think you might get just a little different answer.

. . . Stan Musial. The Man begins his 22nd year with the Cards, and I wouldn't be a bit surprised if he won the N.L. batting Championship.

. . . Our new Committee. Congratulations and get me some time off, will you, ol' buddies?

I DON'T DIG:

. . . ED Sullivan, when he only lets the Barry Sisters sing one song. I'd like to see them sing at least five.

. . . People who don't dig Howard Langdale. (Don't worry Howard. I've only met one, and he's nuts.)

. . . One of the men recently elected to the Manitoba Government. (He owes me twenty dollars, and he sure knows where I am.)

. . . Doug Harvey. For thirty thousand dollars a season, he should trade jobs with Gump Worsley. Then he'd earn it.

I WONDER:

. . . If TCA will move their repair depot from Winnipeg to Montreal. I think they should at least move the department that repairs nose-wheels, since landing on the nose of the plane with sparks flying and leaving via the escape hatch is not my idea of getting the kicks out of life. (Like, I'm flyin' man, but am I?)

. . . If the inmate pay grading will be done in Ottawa like they say. What will I be graded on, my past record? How much will I have to pay *them*?

. . . If 1963 is the year. *Anybody's* year.

. . . If we are *ever* going to have a federal election. We should go to Ottawa and ask Charlotte Whitton to take a week off from city hall and go to the parliament buildings and fire a cap pistol or two every morning. Although it looks like she could fire a shotgun and wouldn't hit anyone. I don't think there's anyone there.

I PREDICT:

. . . The Yankees. The Yankees. And the Yankees.

. . . The Detroit Lions.

. . . Still the Toronto Maple Leafs.

. . . The National Baseball League will turn Triple AAA and have some kind of equality.

. . . My boy Yats and the New York Giants will do it again, and (I hope) go all the way.

. . . Gene Telpner will get a daily column in the Free Press, which should have happened a long time ago.

. . . The WPG. Maroons won't. Just won't. And it won't be their fault.

About Emile Griffith. . . Here is a young man whom the fans seem to get great pleasure in booing. I suspect that many of those who go to see him fight do so in the hope that they will see him beaten. This is a shame, a real shame. Here is a young man who has risen to the Welterweight Championship of the World on his merit, and who is willing to defend his championship against anyone at any time, which is more than I can say for some recent champions.

The unfortunate incident involving the death of Benny Paret has, I think, a great deal to do with the public's wish to see this man beaten. I think that many people, in the back of their minds, believe that they would have quit the ring had they caused an opponent's death. Since Griffith did

not and, indeed, seems just as good or even better than ever, I imagine that many people think him just a little lacking in human feeling.

Well, I'll tell you. Mickey Rooney may have done it in the movies, and probably many other stories on boxing have portrayed heavy drama in this manner, but it just ain't so, my friend. To me, the fact that he is *able* to continue shows a good deal of courage, and a tremendous mental adjustment to a fact which almost all of us never have and probably never will have to face.

The second thing to turn the public against Griffith was the recent Fernandez fight, which was awarded to Griffith on points after he felled Fernandez with a low blow in the 9th round. The fight was stopped since Fernandez was obviously unable to continue, (loud and long boos directed at Griffith from the crowd). Now, to these eyes, the Low Blow Incident is not quite what it may seem. Many low blows are struck in boxing, and by fair-minded men, but they are certainly possible in the heat of battle. And the majority of low blows certainly do not cripple fighters. I for one have never seen this happen.

There is a RULE in many boxing commissions which states that a boxer must wear a protector, similar to those worn by other athletes, and, from the motions of Fernandez and his handlers (lifting and bending of the legs, etc.) it seemed obvious, at least to me, that he had disdained the use of this protector. I understand that many boxers do. I believe that, had he worn the protector, he may have won the round on a low blow ruling, but he most certainly would have been able to continue, AND he most certainly would have lost the fight, either by a decision or, quite possibly, by a knockout.

So let's give Emile Griffith a break. He is being paid to fight people and he is fighting them, and fighting them well. He is not responsible for the condition of his opponents when they enter the ring, and therefore he cannot be held responsible for their condition when they leave it. After all, he is not in there to improve their condition, by any means. It is bad enough that he has to live with these past incidents himself, without the kind-hearted public reminding him of them every time he appears.

He's a good boy, who's kind to his mother, and good luck to him.

I just can't resist saying a few more words about our Mugwump government in Ottawa. (For those who have never heard of it, a mugwump is a bird that sits on the fence with its mug on one side and its wump on the other.)

After losing face with almost every other world government, they are now trying to gain recognition by staging a melodramatic controversy over whether to arm with nuclear weapons or not. And what is basically wrong with this argument?

It's fence-straddling, the same old run-of-the-mill, Canadian-style fence-straddling, and the sooner the government realizes that, with a country of nineteen million people (that should have ninety million) they've *got* to go along with *somebody*, the better it will be.

+

I remember once my father told me of a young man who decided to take an apprenticeship in a trade. The young man worked with a tradesman for about three years and, at the end of that time, he was able to do many things that are done in the trade, but didn't really know anything about the business at all.

The reason? The man who was his teacher was concerned only with showing the young man how to do things to make the job go faster, and get more work done in less time. In other words, he was concerned with improving his own reputation rather than the future reputation of the young man.

It's time we thought this over again, and realized that the principal requirement of an instructor is to *instruct*.

One of the greatest compliments a man can be given is to be asked to teach what he knows, and he should take advantage of that fact, and be grateful for it.

★

Lissen here. This is the last January-February column you're gonna get out of me. I just broke the Big Last year Barrier.

but

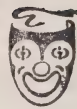
I'll see you next issue, anyway.

Sam.



JAIL-HOUSE HUMOR

R.G. Talbot



"Life is a banquet, and yet, so many people are starving to death."

In or out of jail, I am in agreement with this statement. Making the best of a bad situation is often difficult to do, but those around us sometimes lighten the load, often unknowingly. I do not believe in writing in a serious vein while doing time, for the results invariably wind up as a "*sour grapes*" article, and who needs it? The following incidents are true. . . .

Any inmate working in or entering the kitchen is thoroughly searched, entering or leaving, for obvious reasons. On a certain day two years ago, the supper menu called for a generous slice of cooked ham for each inmate. Everyone was puzzled when they were served two slices of bologna instead. The truth came out the following day, and it goes like this. . . .

Twenty-one hams of not less than five pounds each had been prepared for the evening meal, and then placed in a warming oven. When supper was being readied, someone was delegated to bring in the hams preparatory to cutting. There were three hams remaining of the original twenty-one. No trace of the hams or even the bones was ever found, but I swear a few kitchen inmates were observed crawling on all fours and drinking out of a bathtub for weeks after.

An inmate walked up four flights of stairs one day and then climbed over the railing, preparing to leap head-first to the tile floor fifty feet below. As he screamed his intentions a crowd gathered. The guards and inmates, heads craned upward, waited and watched. Someone in the back row bellowed "Two to one he don't jump." At this moment, a keeper stepped forth from the crowd and yelled at the inmate. "We just finished scrubbing this floor and if you think for one minute you're going to mess it up, you'd better think again. Now, get the hell down from there and go back to work." The crowd dispersed, and the inmate went back to work, probably thinking that he would have to get there before they scrubbed next time.

Another incident which really appealed to my sense of humor, was when five inmates conspired to concoct a real hair-straightener jail—house brew. They patiently awaited its maturity before they indulged. They were extremely proud that “*Old brew nose*”, as they called a certain keeper, had been unable to locate this “best yet.” However, they under-estimated the potential of old brew-nose’s sniffing ability, and were not aware that not only did he know where it was, and who the five future samplers were to be, but had already added his own special brew-nose “*laxative*.” He too was anxiously awaiting the maturing of the brew. On the day of maturity, old brew-nose turned his back and let the five drain all but the glass from the five gallon jar. Then he instructed the custodial staff to keep all five out of their cells during the noon meal, and keep them in the prison dome, where there was but one toilet available. Well, if you can imagine five in a hurry trying to sit on one seat, you will appreciate the picture it presented. After the noon meal, they were allowed to go to their respective cells, and no one saw them for a couple of days. When they finally got over the brew-nose special, all five had a peculiar walk, like that of a ballet dancer. They agreed to a man that in the future, the only time they would try another brew would be if “*old brew nose*” consented to sample it with them. . . .

“Bay of Pigs, Ransom Negotiations”

Scene: “The White House.” - “Collect call for J.F.K. from Cuba.”

J.F.K: Not only does he call collect; but person to person.

“Fidel speaking; how are you fixed for *Pigs*, John?”

“How much a pound, Fidel?”

Offer me something “John.”

“Alright Fidel;” how are you fixed for blades?

“You’re paying for this call, John.”

“Okay; how’d you like some *Sea-sick Russian Missiles?*” (*hee-hee*)

“You’re about as funny as a kick in the teeth, John.”

“Okay wise guy”, “**how are you fixed for fall-out shelters?**”

“John”; are’nt you forgetting the “Americans living here in Guantanamo?”

“*Fidel old buddy*; how are you fixed for *storage space* for “Sixty - Millions” worth of “**you name it?**”

Now you’re talking with an **accent**, John!

“*Fidel my boy*!” I hope you won’t mind if we include a large quantity of canned baby-fools, just so it sounds like a legitimate “*kidnap-ransom*” deal.

“Fine John;” as long as you’re willing to put my picture on the labels. “I’m thinking seriously of holding an *election* in 1985.”

Little Ronnie's Diary



Dere Diry

I hav got a new hokey stik and skaits.

I am lerning to be a ruff an tuff hokey player.

When I grow up I will be lik big M, he is grate.

daddy says that the best time to play hokey is on the river in the summertime when the ice is not so hard but mommy got mad when he said that so I dont know if I will do it.

mommy always sez I got to be carful when I play hokey as the other kids are durdy an hit me an everything but daddy showed me how to use my hokey stik and I dont think the other kids will hurt me too much. he says hokey stiks are cheep and dont worry about braking them. I wonder what he meens when he sez that every kid in town will be wearing one of my hokey stiks they wood be very hard to get on I think. My uncle Hammy is a hokey player two. He is not so big as my daddy and if I am not going out I let him use my skaits, they are size $2\frac{1}{2}$ and if he puts on lots of soks they are not to big for him. I got a bunch of candy kisses and jelly beens from Aunty Randi last month and my daddy ate them all up on me, he is a very durdy daddy becoz he woodn't let me drink any of his pop at Happy New Year.

mommy was funny at Happy New Year becoz it was hard for her to talk speshully after late late when all she could say was 'gufsha mazzoo meet mathrooo' an things lik that. daddy told me he knew what mommy was saying coz he knew how to talk lik that too but when he showed me how he koodn't stop so pretty soon I didnt have nobody to talk to so I got mad and went to bed becoz I wanted to be up erly for Happy New Year.

On Happy New Year I got up real erly to surprise everybodye but when I went in the bedroom there wasnt nobody there so I looked an looked and after a long time I looked under the bathtub and shur enuff there was my

daddy. So rite away qwik I jumped down on the floor and hollered in his ear as loud as I could Happy New Year Daddy and daddy started to cry. I ast daddy where is mommy an he said I dont know I think I put her in the furnace or something I hope it isnt lit or anything so I went down in the basement and there wasnt no mommy there just this funny looking lady who was all blak sleeping in the coal bin. I ast her did you see my mommy and what are you doing sleeping in our coal bin with that old coal shovel and she said I am your mommy and I thot it was your father altho he is bilt a little different around the handle. we went upstairs and when daddy saw mommy he said look lady its very nice of you to come around but my old lady is around here somewhere and besides my luck has not been two bad lately anyway. rite away mommy called my poor daddy all kinds of bad things I was ashamed and daddy said well if that is you why dont you take a bath and mommy said she was two sik to take a bath and was there anything left to drink. daddy said you had the last one when I saw you last and mommy said O I think I hid it in the coal bin so mommy and daddy rite away run downstares and pretty soon daddy was as blak as mommy I never saw such a durdy daddy and mommy in my hole life but they had the medicine bottle out and were rassling to see who could get the first drink they were awfulsik and I fell in the coal bin with them and got all durdy too becoz they cant say nothing to me when they are durdier than me.

Anyway it is just as well we got all clean again becoz now I will be a grate hokey player and daddy and mommy are all smiling an happy becoz daddy found out my granny is sik and mommy found out that daddy can get his welfare chek and his no work pay two as long as he dont get cot.



"I think he's trying to tell us something."

Newsbriefs . . .

Staff

FIRST AID

A six week course, given by the St. Johns Ambulance Association came to an end here on November 26th, when approximately 15 men took examinations for their Certificates. Mr. Ken McMullen, instructor for the course, tested the men on their knowledge of bandaging and applying artificial respiration. They were then given an oral test on shock, hemorrhages, etc. On December 13th. they were presented with their First Aid Certificates by Warden F.S. Harris. They are now qualified to give aid to the injured the same as if they had taken the course and graduated on the outside.

VISITORS HAVE MORE LIGHT

Shortly before Christmas the new visiting facilities were opened up. Situated in the half of the administration building which was formerly the Stores, it is a vast improvement over the old rooms. More light from the windows tend to make the facilities brighter and cleaner.

ELECTION DAY AT STONY

Monday January 7th. was election day here as the men chose three representatives for the Inmate Welfare Committee. Altogether there were six candidates in the running, any one of whom would have made good representation. It was a close race and at the final counting of the ballots the results were; George Turner 272, Al Albertini 265, Bob Sargent 201. Doug Derocher with an even 200, polled enough votes to make him eligible to fill any vacancy that should arise if any of the three Committee members are paroled or resign from office. The two other men in the race were, Pete Roski and Lou Licastro.

BLOOD DONORS

The Canadian Red Cross Mobile Blood Donor Clinic visited here on the last day of the old year. This was their second trip out here this year. Only 187 Donors turned up to make this the smallest clinic ever recorded here. We will have to do better next time.

PENAL EXCHANGES PRESS

Don Hambleton

SANTA RITA NEWS - Pleasanton, Calif.

There is one thing that I would like to find out about your publication. Is it sold on the outside? The reason I ask this is that I can find nothing in it interesting or informative. I have four issues in front of me right now, and the 13 lines of sports coverage are all that is worth reading. I'm sure that the other publications will agree with me when I say that we would like to know more about your sports and other activities.

SAN QUENTIN NEWS - San Quentin, Calif.

This is our third and last call for your Publication. It is missed by us up here, and we would like to know if you are still in business. Hope you will reply soon.

THE ATLANTIAN - Atlanta, Ga.

Your Fall - Winter issue just arrived, and as usual everyone wanted to be the first to read it (though they never had a chance, once I got my dirty stinking, paws on it). Congratulations on your Anniversary and we hope the future will see a continuation of your good work. This is the *Top* magazine on the Penal Press circuit.

THE CLOCK - Boise, Idaho

Crime Marches On by "Little" Joe Iverson was quite amusing. I hope we see more of this type of article in the future.

THE SPECTATOR - Jackson, Mich.

The professional job you fellows do has to be commented on. The Nations Leading Weekly aptly describes your paper.

MENARD TIMES - Menard, Ill.

Glad to see your publication arriving here again. (All your fans here have finally gotten off my back). We always enjoy your paper.

THE ENCHANTED NEWS - Santa Fe, N.M.

I enjoyed the editorial by James C. Isted. It's nice to see something other than the ills committed against us by society, and I think your topic is one that will be accepted more readily by the public. Sure wish we could afford to put out a picture section similar to your Christmas issue.

SPORT

SPOTLIGHT

HOCKEY

CURLING

HOCKEY

Joe Hayden

After a number of exhibition games in which to class the players, the 1962-1963 hockey season got into full swing during Christmas week. Though there were perhaps more entrants than ever before, the calibre of play was at such a low level that only three teams can participate in the 'A' League. The 'B' League will boast five teams.

Besides reporting hockey, this writer was also appointed to the unenviable position of Hockey Commissioner. I am happy to report there is no shortage of officials this year, I am blessed with no less than four steady referees in the persons of Frank Perreault, Art Nabiss, Ed Lalaroute, and Bob Sargent. To add to this quartet a number of 'A' League players have kindly consented to officiate the 'B' League games. Believe me, the fine co-operation I have recieved thus far is deeply appreciated I sincerely hope I am fortunate enough to continue receiving it through-out the season.

Chosen as coaches of the 'A' League teams were, Jim McCooey, Ken Allen and Harry Johnson. Jim McCooey will also pilot the All Stars against opponents from the various leagues in the province of Manitoba. Coaches for the 'B' League teams are, Doug Derocher, George Bennett, George Mitchell, Leo Hayden and Abraham.



CURLING

Ron Duncan

The Curling season has taken some spectacular turns this year.

For a while, it was impossible to play because the weather was too warm and, as a result, there was no ice.

Then for a while, it was impossible to play because the weather was too cold and, as a result, there were no curlers!

The usual group have taken the Stony Mountain Curling League by storm again this year. Yes, that's right. Tinny Lahoski and the Cool Curlers, featuring Gord Unrow.

. They say age will tell every time.

This group of rather aged relics of the rinks have been simply unbeatable ever since curling began. Scores like 17-3, 11-1, 16-5, and so on have resulted in all their games.

The Horse, in desperation, quit curling altogether, but is still unable to live down the beating he and the Pony suffered at the hands of these big old show-offs.

And Al Funk has given it the Old College Try every time, but so for nothing has happened.

Art Nabiss, nasty as ever, has refused to admit defeat by these fellas, but he gets a kind of hunted look around the eyes when you say, "Say Schnibb, I hear you're playing Tinny again tonight", so it looks like the strain is beginning to tell on him, too.

However, children, do not fear these old bogey-men. There may be some radical changes made shortly, It is just possible that, should we get a reasonably warm day, the Staff of the Echoes, (including, naturally, the Best Curler in The Joint (me)), will challenge these old folks to a short game, just to spoil their seasons record. Should this happen, it will undoubtedly go down in the annals of Stony Mountain curling, as well as being described on these pages in the next Echoes. Look out, Lahoski, you bad old man, 'coz we're out to git you.

Due to the many "quitters" in the 'A' league, the two leagues were amalgamated and the All Stars will play only outside competition, except for one game weekly which would be played with a team picked from the league. With this change the spectators have been treated to a more pleasing brand of hockey, that is, the spectators who were hardy enough to brave the cold weather.

The "select" group of players picked for the All Stars, coached by Jim McCooye are, Pete in Goal, Doug Derocher, John Roulette and Barry Gilhooly on Defense, Abraham, Leo Hayden, Frank Settee, Pat Montgomery and Rod Savage as Forwards. Eleven players had been selected but two of them quit. Because of this, two players will be borrowed from the league to fill the vacancies.

With the new setup, one new coach has been named and three have retired. The new coach is Frank Settee, while those retired are, K. Allen, H. Johnson and G. Bennett.

With the eight games played to date in the league, Doug Derocher's Monarchs have proven to be the class of the league with three victories in as many outings. At this time the team standings are as follows.

TEAM	W	L	T	F	A	P	
Monarchs	3	0	0	21	13	6	
Huskies	2	1	0	15	13	4	
Millionaires	1	2	0	16	16	2	
Warriors	1	2	0	9	15	2	
Maroons	1	1	0	9	6	2	
Thunderbirds	0	2	0	7	12	0	

In the individual standings, Villeneuve and Ducharme have been the scoring leaders from the start, alternating between first and second spot. Pacey has been closing the gap with twelve points in his last three games, to earn a tie in his bid to overtake the leaders. Top five goal getters in the league at present are;

NAME	TEAM	G	A	T.P.	P.I.M. . . .
Villeneuve	Millionaires	8	12	20	0
Ducharme	Millionaires	11	8	19	12
Pacey	Monarchs	11	3	14	4
Ibey	Maroons	10	4	14	8
Spence	Huskies	6	6	12	2

Dear Judge

The Mentor — via — the Clock

When I stood before the bench and you got ready to pronounce sentence on me, you said some stirring things. You said, for one thing, that I should be ashamed of myself, the way I had avoided my duties and obligations toward society.

Then you handed me the ten year sentence I am currently serving.

After that you spoke about your interest in my rehabilitation; something about "the purpose of imprisonment must be to rehabilitate as well as to punish, that we must know something about penal matters if we are to best serve the community and offender alike."

I've been here now, Judge, a total of three years. I had hoped to see you about the place so I could inform you on my rate of progress. But I have never seen you about the place, nor, from what I am told, has anyone else. Dismaying as it is, I am told that you have never set foot in the prison.

This sure seems strange to me, Judge, I mean where you spoke about penology and all, I sort of imagined you knew something about the place you were sentencing me to, and the system prevailing. Otherwise, how could you know what might be best for the community and for myself? And how are you able to get the best and most benefits out of the taxpayer's funds entrusted to you, if you don't know too much about the social stock market you are authorized to make investments in.

Since you know nothing about the place, Judge, (except for what you read in the papers) I'm quite curious as to how you intelligently and conscientiously arrive at your fixed sentences. I have read of more than one judge who made it his business to KNOW where he was sending men, and likewise to KNOW the products—the ills and credits of a term of imprisonment on the human character.

Funny thing is, Judge, an automobile mechanic is required to know something about cars; a carpenter something about wood and construction; a barber something about hair, scalp and skin. But it turns out that a judge, even though dealing in human beings, need not know anything whatsoever about the path he forcibly sends his charges down.

But he need only know courtroom protocol, limits of sentencing and a few legal facts, in order to make the sentence reasonably legal. It is awfully difficult to respect such apathy.

The Editor's Page

In the May-June issue of last year, I mentioned the attempts being made to secure the release of two long timers from this institution. Mr. Ken Howard of the John Howard Society, stated at that time that according to the Manitoba Welfare Act, permission would first have to be given by the communities from which these men came. As this permission was not given then, things looked pretty bleak for the two men. Finally though, some head-way was made and one of the men, 'Old Bill' will have been released on parole by the time you read this.

Bill has been with us for over 25 years now and in that time he has gained many friends. We all wish him the best of luck in the future and hope it will not be long before the other inmate concerned is gone too.



On the way to the kitchen to return my breakfast tray a few mornings ago, I espied the Dome clerk Chip standing on a chair, poking at something in the corner of his cell. Later that morning I learned that Chip had only been doing his job as the unofficial Game Warden and was trying to rid the place of two large rat's. His report to the night keeper stated that he was successful and that the inmates and officers would no longer be bothered by the noise which these rats created. Nice hunting Chip, maybe now they will make your appointment official.



I don't claim to be an expert on the political situation but I am often amazed at what I read or hear about the goings on in Ottawa. The way the different party members cast snide remarks at one another is ridiculous. Isn't it about time these politicians started acting like the mature people they are and giving this country the kind of government it needs?





"I lost my Mountain Echoes!"

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